

# CAMDEN COMMERCIAL COURIER.

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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, Editor.

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## TERMS OF THE COMMERCIAL COURIER;

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### THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived, in the year 1755—and of an old man, whose daughter was desired, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been a athlete and muscular above all his fellows; and his legs, which he always wore them, could show the thorn-ent of three medals received for his victories in gymnastic feats with a young man. His daughter was brought up in the same manner, and she, as a girl, had been a fine person—an athlete, this, and a soldier that. But she was all refused by the old man, who had a last by-word for his old-timey. The young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length, the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as a noble and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of her country to a breakfast table. Several handsome and industrious young men assembled. They were all, of course, here to make love to the girl. Annette, in three hours, they had filled the father's barn with the finest dried grass, and their own hearts were full. Annette, by her father's consent, had brought the malt liquor of her own or wing, which she presented to each engaged man with her own fair face.

Twenty boys, said the old keeper of the mill, they all loved it, as leaning on the patch-forks they assembled round his door to the cool of the evening. "Now, my lady, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, but I want you to marry a man of my own generation. Now, you know, I ought to know, when I see a young man, I could beat any thing you see in the way of a young man. I don't mind beating a young man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand my boys. The old keeper of the mill, Annette, he added taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand, "now, the one who jumps the furthest on a level shall marry Annette. Do you understand?"

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, with a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens of the barns and quilting frames, the children born in sprays, their slaves their laborers, and the old men their arm chairs and four legs, to witness and transmit in the success of the victor. All proceeded and in a twinkling that would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best educated youth in the country, and all knew that a strong and muscular man existed in him and the fair Annette Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper" and in a country where such athletic achievements were the sine qua non of a man's valor, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present, he had there fore every advantage over his fellow athletes.

The arena allotted for this by force contest, was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plot, selected in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and wiled, happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he cleared, to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seven-een feet," cried one of the judges. "The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

Harry also laughed and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. He was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk and laugh and romp with Annette, but some marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simons, fifteen feet and a half. Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd good humoredly. Charley Simons was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his cold temper, rather than his legs. Charley however is the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared in my feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat 'em all and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges. "Twenty-one feet and a half!" Harry Carroll for ever. Annette and Harry! Hands, caps and banners waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man in a military and frock coat who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village.

"His hands and face and easy dress attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"That's a fine fellow, you think you can beat that," said one of the by-standers, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the area. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the country." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, as if there a prize for the winner?

Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor, cried one of the judges.

"Are you his open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with a east, his you'll find ardour rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "He is the best of him who out-leaps Henry Carroll, if you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial."

The young girl or glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered out to a stranger of her father's unquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The original looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Facing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath his tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet one inch!" shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patrons of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivaled, while he hated him for his success.

"might be," he added with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next my heart. Perhaps, and to cast his eyes round inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd—"perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors, who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young Sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, "methinks you were victor in the list before me,—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the many sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, receive from me, and in prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude; and the next moment, Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the exclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night, Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble hearted stranger, was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of the great Washington and suite, informing that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Colonel Carroll ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same wide-extended army.

That evening at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, manly and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-dozingly, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband who, inquired affectionately if she were ill?

"I suspect, Colonel, said the Colonel, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's rapt and puzzled survey of his features, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." He smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon it alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived, as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me Colonel—must you not end to this scene? I have become, by dint of camp fire and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty or thirty feet, even for so fair a bride as, one I would say."

"The recognition with the surprise, delight and half-astonishment followed, and left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young leaper whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional, and whose claim to a substantial body of bona fide flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

LABORING CLASS IN EUROPE.

The following interesting article from the North American Review for October, gives a glowing description of the condition of the laboring classes in Europe, in relation to the rates of wages, the burden of taxation, means of subsistence, the facilities of education, and the share, if any, which these classes have in the Government. It ought to inspire every citizen of this free and happy Republic to guard with constant vigilance against any encroachments on the institutions which guarantee to us the blessings of which our brethren beyond the seas are destitute.

In Norway, the ordinary food of the peasantry is bread and gruel, both prepared of oat meal, with an occasional mixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury which they rarely enjoy.

In Sweden the dress of the peasantry is described by law. Their food consists of hard bread, dried fish, and gruel without meat.

upon bare boards, or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, and other vegetables, without the addition of any butter.

In Poland the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are slaves. A recent traveller says: "I have travelled in every direction and never saw a wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of Northern Germany, Poland or Denmark. The common food of the peasantry of Poland, the working men, is cabbage, and potatoes, sometimes, but not generally, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat."

In Austria the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during every day except Sunday. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage.

In Hungary their state is, if possible, still worse. The nobles own the land, do not work, and pay no taxes. The laboring class are obliged to repair all the high-ways and bridges, are liable at any time to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one-tenth of the produce to the Church, and one-tenth to the lord whose land they occupy.

Of the people of France, seven and a half millions do not eat wheat or wheat bread. They live upon barley, rye, buckwheat, chestnuts, and a few potatoes.

The common wages of a hired laborer in France, \$37.50 for a man and \$1.75 for a woman annually. The taxes upon them are equal to one-fifth of his net produce.

In 1871, there were 790,000 houses in Ireland. Of these, 11,000 were occupied by paupers; and more than 500,000 had no hearth. The average wages of a laborer, is from nine and a half to eleven cents a day. Among the laboring class of the industrious Scotch, meat except on Sundays, is rarely used.

In England the price of labor varies; the Nottingham stocking weavers, as stated by them in a public address, after working from 14 to 16 hours per day, only earned from four to five shillings a week, and were obliged to subsist on bread and water or potatoes and salt.

AN ASSORTMENT.—OF S—, of Burlington, was noted for keeping in his store the most ingenious assortment ever offered for sale. A wag once bet with a friend that he would acquire for some nickel, which Jimmy could not supply.

The bet was clinched, and the two proceeded to the shop of the old antiquarian. "Friend S—," said the quizz, "have you on hand a second hand pump?" "Yes," replied the unsuspecting shop keeper, without the least idea of there being anything uncommon in the question—"Yes sir, I bought one yesterday from the trustees of the Methodist Church, who are fixing up the interior of the meeting house."

"So say you, we shall well them to the barn, where the curious article of trade had been deposited. The winner laughed—the loser bit his lip, and paid the wager, while Jimmy's character for keeping an assortment of goods became more firmly established.

A man has been sentenced in the Circuit Court of this District to the Penitentiary, for stealing a ham of bacon! a coat!! (his father's) and the carcass of a turkey!!!—all in the Christmas holidays—His father is at present an occupant of the "Public Boarding House," as that eye sore to vagrants and loose principled gentlemen, the Penitentiary, is called, and the learned counsel for the prisoner, argued, that a person did not steal the coat, because his father, being a prisoner, was debarred the law, he being alive in the Penitentiary, and his eldest born was heir to his estate. The United States District Attorney, admitted the ingenuity of the opposing counsel, but hoped he would throw no impediment in the way of the prisoner, but would allow him to take quiet possession of the cell, soon to be vacated by his respectable progenitor, whose term of public service would soon expire. This epicurean genius will in consequence, have to undergo some dreadful culinary privations in his new residence.—Metropolitan.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—The richest treasure of the kind that has yet been found in Pompeii, was discovered on the 13th October last. It consisted of sixty-four silver vessels, comprising a table service composed of the following pieces: One dish, with two handsomely ornamented handles, one palm and one inch in diameter. One vase, ornamented in alto relievo, with grapes and vine leaves, very highly wrought five inches in height and six in diameter at the top. Two vases, (goblet form) half a palm high, and the same in diameter, ornamented with animated bacchical and representations, in the finest basso and alto relievo—on one of the vases is a young Bacchus riding on a panther, and on the other he is represented sitting on an ox—there are, besides, many other figures and attributes.

There are also twelve plates, each with two beautifully executed handles. The four largest plates are eight inches, the next seven and a half, and the four smallest seven inches in diameter. Sixteen cups, or small soup tureens, of which each four are similar.

lar. These, also, are furnished with handles. The larger ones measure five and a half, and the smaller cups four inches in diameter. Four small moulds for pastry, each two and a half inches in diameter; four small vessels, each having three feet, somewhat resembling our salt cellars, and three inches in diameter; eight gilded dishes, four of which measure five inches at the upper ridge, and the others, three and a half in diameter; one fine vase, with a handle in the form of an amphora, ten and a half inches high, and four inches in diameter at the mouth two very small stew pans, with tastefully ornamented handles, five inches in diameter, and two and a half high; one spoon, with a highly wrought handle, three inches in diameter; one mirror, in the form of a patera, with a perpendicular handle, eight inches in diameter; two spoons and five *ligulae*, (spoons and forks in one piece.) This discovery is the richest treasure of the kind that has yet been met with in Pompeii, and all the vessels are in excellent preservation. A table napkin was found between two of the plates.

A MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The annexed account of the invention of a new application of power to produce motion of a most effective character, will be better understood and the value of the invention more fully appreciated by adding some information verbally given by Mr. Haslam.

The motion is effected by the vibration of a heavy pendulum, which receives its impulse from a moderate and continuous exertion of human force, and operates alternately on the pistons of the two cylinders, which in their motion produce equally in each direction of the pendulum, the hydrostatic pressure by the use of water or some equally incompressible fluid acting upon confined air.

Should the effect produced by this invention be such as is described and at so small an expense proportioned to the magnitude of the power, the changes that will be effected, the benefits that will be derived from the use of so valuable a discovery, will exceed even those which have resulted from the use of steam.

We learn, indeed, from Mr. Haslam that one of the effects produced in Pittsburgh by witnessing the operation of the machine constructed there, was the countermanding of an order for the construction of one of the most recent engines.—*Baltimore*, \$50 Dollars From the Farmer and Gardener, \$10 Dollars A NEW MOTIVE POWER, \$10 Dollars Baltimore, Ap. 1836. Mr. Robert's—When I started the fact of an intimate acquaintance with having constructed a machine which admitted propelling power on a hydrostatic principle, you were so pleased with the account as to request your periodical; with that request I fully comply.

The inventor of this wonderful useful machine is Mr. T.ophilus Corby an eminent veterinarian—a native of Scotland, and now residing in Pittsburgh, Pa., who, while practicing his profession, has for the last seven years employed his leisure hours on this important subject, and has now the satisfaction of seeing his project carried by having constructed one of twelve horse power, which comes fully up to his most sanguine expectations.

This machine he calls Corby's Hydrostatic Propelling Machine.—In its construction it is too simple to admit of improvement, and as no steam nor heat of any kind is used in its operation, there can be no explosion, therefore in its use life is safe, and should any part break, it is by its simple construction, admissible of speedy repair.

It is applicable to the plough, and all propelling purposes, and as such must supersede the use of steam.

A machine of 500 horse power can be worked by one man, and neither its weight nor the room required, will be more than one-tenth of the steam engine.

We of the present age, entered on a new era when Fulton brought his extended scheme in the application of steam to the propelling of boats on water, in which smoke and vapour supplied the place of canvas. The same age is now bringing forth another era in a more useful and extended scale of operation in this discovery of my friend, who is a philosopher and philanthropist in every sense of the terms.

Although our profession has for several years made us ultimately acquainted, visiting each other, and conversing freely, for mutual benefit to our profession—yet, true philosopher like, he never intimated to me that he was studying the subject, until on his way to Washington, he called on me and showed me the model, which is now in the Patent Office.

With my respects,  
I am yours truly,  
JOHN HASLAM.

\*The inventor is fully the impression that a plough constructed on the principles of his machine, will be competent to plough one hundred acres of ground in a day.

HOW TO COMMIT MURDER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. The receipt never fails.